

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1899.

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Owner and Editor.

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WE YOUR NOTEHEADS, Envelopes,
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and all other printed at HERALD office.

KENTUCKY KERNELS.

There is talk of starting a newspaper in Perry county.

There are no more cases of meningitis in Daviess county.

The county candidates in Boyle county are becoming numerous.

Madison county has six candidates for sheriff, eight for county clerk and six for assessor.

While resisting arrest at Elkton last week Fayette Jones was killed and Will Gray seriously wounded.

The Antioch church will be ready to be dedicated the middle of next month, says the Mountain Herald.

The Daviess county distillery, at Owensboro, will start in a few days and will run until the end of the season.

A negro selling "hot pancakes" from a houseboat is one of the novel things seen on the lower Ohio this winter.

Hartsell Cole, 13 years old, was run over and killed by a C. & O. train at Dayton, his body being terribly mangled.

The lumber business at Paducah is booming, and the prospects are for the biggest spring trade the Purchase counties have ever had.

Roy Holmes, a noted colored desperado, of Hopkinsville, was sentenced to a term of 10 years in the penitentiary for highway robbery.

Roy Bousley, charged with robbery, was tried in the circuit court at Hopkinsville and given the limit of the law, ten years, in the penitentiary.

Acting Governor Worthington on Friday pardoned James H. Marcie, from Knox county, who is said to have served fifteen years for another man's crime.

Warden Gammon, of the Nashville penitentiary, came here yesterday says the Paducah News, after Frank Haynes, an escaped convict from that place.

At Georgetown, Jessie Harris, a 12-year-old colored girl was so badly burned that she died a few minutes later. She was smoking paper and her clothes were ignited.

The Lexington grand jury returned indictments against a number of local merchants for violation of the pure food law. The fight is being pushed all over the state.

Trenton voted on the whisky question Saturday. The result of the contest was twenty-one majority for prohibition. Prohibition has prevailed there for a number of years.

Adam Baum, aged 60 years, a member of the city council of Mt. Sterling, and ex-mayor, died at that place on the 17th. He was one of the wealthiest men in Montgomery county.

Patrick Kerrigan, of Ludlow, who enlisted in the United States army at the breaking out of the war, has not been heard from since he left home, and it is thought that he was killed at San Juan.

Mr. J. A. Fulton, as assignee of Mrs. N. M. Wilson, deceased, last week sold privately to Mr. Guthrie Wilson the home farm in Nelson county, containing 278 acres of land at \$50 per acre.

At Stanford the clothes of a two-year-old child of John Coffey caught fire from a grate and the little one was burned to a crisp. Zach Padgett, aged 20, was run over by a runaway team and killed.

Acting Governor Worthington commuted the 21-year sentence of Joseph Tudor, of Garrard county, to five years imprisonment. Tudor has served one year. There were numerous petitions urging this action.

Major Stonestreet, who died at Kansas City, Missouri, last week, was born in Lexington, in 1822, and won his title in the Confederate army, serving through most of the war as quartermaster of Gen. Joe Shelby's brigade.

Lieutenant Governor Worthington fixed April 13 as the day for William Tutt, the Mayfield negro, to hang. Tutt's wife wanted to go to a baseball game, and he killed her to make sure she did not go after he left home.

Some of the friends of Tom Akers, of Lexington, who has been in Manila since last summer, with the First Colorado regiment, have recently received letters from him dated the latter part of February, just before the battle in that month.

In the Fayette Circuit Court Henry Burdette, on two indictments for housebreaking, was given three years in the penitentiary in one case and seven years in the other. Lucien Brown received a sentence for two years for the same offense.

The Fayette county grand jury last week indicted Col. Jack Chum as a common nuisance. The indictment grows out of the attack on Senator Bronston at the meeting of the State Democratic Committee. The charge is a very unusual one, the penalty being a heavy fine.

The deed transferring the New Hope and E. L. Miles distilleries, located at New Hope, Nelson county, to the Kentucky Distillery and warehouse company, was lodged in the county clerk's office here last week, says the Bardtown Record. The price paid for the plants is \$60,000.

Capt. Tom Rose, of the late 4th Kentucky regiment, played in bad luck at Morehead recently. He organized a company of state guards, but when the recruits were sworn in they elected Deputy Sheriff J. D. Caudill captain. Rose declined the first lieutenantcy offered him.—Owingsville Outlook.

Capt. John Sparks, probably the oldest Mason in the State, died at his home in Concord on the 14th. He was 82 years old and had been a Mason fifty years. He was always a Republican, but believed in free silver and supported Bryan. He was a member of St. Mary's Lodge at his home.

The fight to test the legality of the Sunday closing law at Lexington was begun last week by the saloon men. Over 100 of them are under indictment. The test is to be made on the case of E. D. Bottoms. The jury assessed a fine of \$10, an appeal was taken, and the case will go to the Court of Appeals at Frankfort.

HISTORICAL NAMES.

There came a time in '95
Which tried the souls of men,
Gold-bugs then began to thrive,
And Hardin went for them.

He stood firm on the silver deck,
When many others fled,
And he's standing bravely on it yet,
Though they say tree silver's dead.
Now when he waged this gallant fight
Some thought it premature;
Still, they hoped that he was right,
And now they know it sure.

Some leaders stood by Hardin,
And others fell away,
And some who now ask pardon
Sold out to get the pay.

So Bradley won the race
By the help of Haldeman,
But now the day of grace
Has passed the Louisville clan.

We want no more of Goebel
Since learning of his plan,
But Hardin's all that's noble;
Let's use him while we can.

Governor Hardin sounds just right,
And Senator Blackburn, too,
And President Bryan, the beacon light,
To guide us safely through.

—[Tom Blunt in Frenchburg Agitator.]

The Laborer Is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

Mr. Goebel Will Learn in Time.

Senator Goebel in demanding that the candidates opposing him should define their positions on the election law, the school book bill and the railroad bill, is endeavoring to forestall the action of the Democratic convention. He cannot build a state platform. He cannot force an issue in the campaign before the convention has met. The Democrats of Kentucky in convention assembled will tell Mr. Goebel upon what issues the Democratic party will appeal to the people for a restoration to power, and until that convention has spoken the candidates are required by no ethics of politics to declare themselves upon any issue save those that have already become Democratic through State and National platforms. If a little whippersnapper legislature where boss rule reigns supreme, could shape the course of a great party, Kentucky would be in a pretty pickle indeed.—Cynthiana Democrat.

Send No Money.

Any reader of this paper can secure their choice of a Sterling Silver Bracelet, a good Watch or a Solid Gold Ring with a genuine Diamond Setting, by distributing flower seed coupons among their friends and acquaintances. Send your name and address with 2c stamp to the American Seed Co., 355 Broadway, N. Y., TO DAY, and you will receive a sample package of choice seeds, \$1 worth of coupons, and full particulars.

A Queer Rat's Tail.

J. R. Jackson, of Spencer, called on The Agitator a few days ago and exhibited a curiosity in the way of a rat's tail. He and Tom Hale were exploring a cave on Indian Creek, and when about 400 feet back from the entrance the dog that was with them killed a rat, the tail of which was covered with hair about one-sixteenth of an inch long. Along the top side of the tail from end to end, the hair was rat gray and the underneath side was snow white. In all other respects the rodent was like his kind.—Frenchburg Agitator.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time, but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did, and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—JOHN EDGAR, Germantown, Cal. For sale by J. T. Day.

Yes, It Was Anti-Goebel.

The Owensboro Messenger, the editor of which lively paper was at Hopkinsville as a friend of Senator Goebel's, but only as an onlooker, utters a sad and plaintive wail that the convention was controlled by corporations against Mr. Goebel. It must surely have been strongly anti-Goebel to provoke such a plaint from Mr. Woodson.—Lexington Herald.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

Written for THE HERALD.]

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.

The Fair Sex Wields The Thumb of Power Over the Masculine Sex—Man Under Woman's Thumb.

It is amusingly strange how the spirit of the past clings to the people, and the old ways, fogginess and customs seem to possess a spirit of sacredness hard to give up. The people are remarkably famous in their worship of the god of old ways and old customs, even in this enlightened age of push and speed and new ways of doing things. Going to church ALL AFOOT; the big quiltings and workings of day followed by a "big frolic and dance" of night; "sparking" from sundown till sunrise without being disturbed by the "old folks" seem to be cherishing things—indeed, too cherishing to the soul of young folks to give up without resistance, for the less cherishing new fangled notions of today. It is encouraging, inspiring to the zealous, gallant youth of today to hear the aged tell how the young folks used to court, "pop the question" and get married; and they naturally enough long to enjoy some of these good things that have hallowed and immortalized the good, by-gone days of the past. But will they? No; forever, no! A strange god has appeared on the scene; a new way of doing things has been introduced, and who disregards it is not conspicuously recognized in the ever-observant eyes of the continually expanding social world in the present age of so-called advancement and enlightenment.

Listen to the old, old story of perhaps some over-loving youth being engaged at once to as many as three or four of the blushing beauties—simple, innocent, merry love-making—with never a fear, with never a dream, of a suit being instituted in court against him for "breach of promise," which too often annoys, disturbs and imperils the happiness and ambition of the young men of today. Is that foggyism? call it that; call it what you may, but where is the young man who would not hail with delight the broad, free, undisturbed courtship of the days of so-called foggyism? Throw wide open the gate, and give broader, freer access to the spacious, perennial fields of love, courtship and romance. It is the pride, joy and delight of young folks to court—it is a harmless, well-spent pastime. Then why set bounds to the limits of courtship with some new-fangled rule, and thus rob them so ruthlessly of their best pleasure, greatest amusement and sweetest happiness? All have the privilege to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. Why not have the same privilege in courtship, which is just essential to the peace and happiness of young folks? Why? Yes, why? The question is not hard to answer, perhaps; but should it be told on the don't-know-any-better things bearing heavily on the mind of the writer. But if the truth kills it let it come. The truth is the fair sex wields the thumb of power in courtship over the masculine sex. Her brilliant blue eyes, or her matchless charms of bewitching, seducing beauty are too much for the young man to overcome, and she swiftly and completely gets him under her thumb of bidding. Of course a woman is foolish and extremely selfish about her beau; she is jealous-hearted, (always was), and just simply can't bear to see him serenading with some other girl. The simple, tender heart can't stand it, and won't hear to it. She nips him in the bud, and gives him to understand that he must "court" her, and HER ALONE, or receive his walking papers. Poor soul! What else can he do but yield to her will and demand? He falters at her feet under the charm of her white, pearly teeth, her sweet, ruby lips, her brilliant blue eyes and her faultless, matchless, blushing beauty. Thus it is she gently takes him into her arms and chains him down in her loving embrace. He must obey orders at her bidding—he cannot help it; she has him under her thumb. Why should he kick? why should he get dissatisfied? Well, he has gone through the whole routine of life's pleasures and joys with Miss First and he wants to be unchained from her—only to be put under the thumb of Miss Second and undergo another process of pleasure-making and love-making. Man is continually seeking new fields, new ideas, new pleasures and new sweethearts, and his motto is "once First, but now Second." A woman is satisfied with "good enough;" her motto is "once First, always First," and she never is willing to change the "old for the new." Thus the fire is continually burning between the young woman and the young man. They can't agree; they won't agree. The young woman wants but "simply one bean;" the young man wants simply a dozen sweethearts or more. And—don't you think—some get "cut out," some "slighted," some "beat out;" and some commit "suicide," and—some get "married."

This is quite a social problem; it is a question of courtship between woman and man. Woman is a hard customer to deal with—and this is a hard problem to solve to the satisfaction of both sides, on that account. But it may be solved by a spoonful of afterthought; it may be solved if the blushing young beauty will apply practical, hard, every-day common-sense as the governing spirit in courtship. This warfare between the two sexes is unnecessary, and it is to be regretted. Why not apply the force of common-sense? Why not the woman rid herself of some of the smiles and charms of loveliness and beauty and apply, instead, a coating of genuine, hard sense? That is what it will take to solve this question of courtship between woman and man. She ought to have sense enough to see and to know that he does not care a straw for her, when he is forever trying to "side in" and court favor with another one of Eve's blushing beauties. She should suffer no heart-aches; there should be no trouble in the camp of courtship, but she should promptly, mildly and lady-like press her thumb to the button and hand over to him his walking papers. This may seem hard for the "soft, tender heart" to do; but it will not kill the girl-greedy fellow and will be the means of bringing him to time if he really and in fact cares anything at all in the way of loving her. Turn him loose, take the thumb off of him; give him a chance to seek, find and court whom he pleases, and if there is not one that suits him better he will return with tears in his eyes, back to your loving embrace to your everlasting joy and happiness. Give him freedom of choice; give the liberty to court whom he pleases. Do this, and when he asks for your heart and hand, yield, and have no fears but what you are indeed and in truth, his heart's choice and his heart's idol. But keep him under the charm of your beauty; keep him pinned to the hem of your garment; keep him under your thumb, because you can, and if you unite yourselves in marriage he will, later on, discover that he was mistaken in you, and you in him.

This is the only way this social problem, this courtship evil, can be remedied properly—revive the broad, free, boundless liberty in courtship that was enjoyed in the good, by-gone days of the past, when the young man had his dozen of sweethearts if he wanted to at the same time.

BESJ. SEWELL.

Campton, Ky.

When You Have a Bad Cold.

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works; of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured; of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects, and of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it robs that disease of all dangerous consequences. Sold by J. T. Day.

Guess He Killed The Mast.

The peach crop in Franklin is ruined. Goebel was there Monday and the frost was frightful.—Lexington Herald.

LA GRIPPE IS CONTAGIOUS.

Atmosphere Impregnated With Germs.

Disease Proved Beyond Question to Be Infectious.—Is Rapidly Conquering the Country.

LaGrippe is a contagious disease. Its specific germ has been positively identified, and it is transmitted from person to person either by direct contact or by inhaling the germs while they float in the air. It is a dangerous disease, lowering the vitality and wasting the resistive power so that pneumonia, heart disease, nervous prostration and insanity find easy victims. No specific is known that will kill the Grip germ, but it may be driven out and its effects overcome by the prompt use of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve.

"La Grippe left my nervous system so racked and shattered that I could not sleep and for two months was under the influence of narcotics. Physicians and friends gave me up to die; but in two days after I commenced taking Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve I began to improve, and in a month's time I was entirely cured. It is the greatest health restorer on earth."

D. W. HILTON, Louisville, Ky.

All druggists are authorized to sell Dr. Miles' Nerve as a guarantee that first bottle benefits or money refunded. Be sure and get Dr. Miles' Nerve. Booklet on heart and Nerve sent free. Address
Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

HOME WITH HER.

Home to her, when day is done,
Home to the wife you love;
Home from the wide, wide world,
Swift as the homing dove.
There was never a dream so sweet,
There was never a hope so bright,
As the dream and the hope to be
With her in the candlelight.

Home with her when toll is o'er,
Home from care and strife;
Home from the wide, wide world,
Home with your loving wife.
There was never a crown of kings,
There was never a wreath of bays,
Like the touch of her hand, her lips,
The word of her honest praise.

Home to her, and home to her
Unto the end of life;
Home to her, and home to her,
Home to her loving wife.
Let glory caper on his steed
And fame her starry trumpet blow;
I shall not heed them as they pass;
Home with her in the candleglow.
—Chicago Record.

An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

[Copyrighted, 1896, by F. Tennyson Neely.]

SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgwick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had fitted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam, a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer, and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mrs. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgwick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged, and swoons.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap miles from post. A dispatch from her lawyer on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Col. Buxton and others—all the officers, almost—felt bound to come to the house between stables and retreat, just to see how Randy was getting on, but the answer was the same to one and all. No one was to be admitted, for the doctor was "trying to get him to sleep."

And subtly enough, bathed, refreshed, his arm set and dressed, Randy soon found himself stowed away in a soft, white bed, but oh, so weak and drowsy after all the labor of the chase and the long, long day of racking pain. They were to bring Florence to him now, his wife, his darling, impatiently waiting for the summons, as he thought her, at Mrs. Hayne's, and he was stretching out his arms to her—his one available arm, rather, and fondly murmuring her name, when the weary eyelids closed and, numb and impotent, he drifted away into deep, deep slumber. "There," said the doctor, at last, "he'll do now."

"Aye," murmured Grafton, "but what will the waking be if there's no Florence here to-morrow?"

That was an anxious night at Sedgwick. Merriam slept like the dead, and twice the young doctor feared it might be necessary to rouse him, thinking that perhaps he had sent that tiny shot of his hypodermic syringe with too heavy a charge. But so long as Randy was ignorant of his wife's mad escape he would have slept through sheer exhaustion and weariness, and his physician need not have troubled himself

Twice Grafton tiptoed in, and the hospital attendant arose at his coming and reported that the patient had not stirred.

Over at Grafton's quarters, however, they had to deal with a less tractable creature. Fanny McLane had roused from her swoon and was nervously, excitedly, irritably wide awake, demanding actually to be allowed to see Mr. Merriam. Even Annette was sent out of the room and Mrs. Grafton had her friend and guest to herself, and her tears and prayers, her reproaches and imprecations fell on hardened ears. Mrs. Grafton was adamant.

"It is mad folly to talk of such a thing, Fanny," she replied to every assault. "Mr. Merriam is far too seriously injured to see anybody, much less you, who would importune him for your own selfish purposes. Capt. Grafton says the doctor has forbidden him to everybody, and he knows. In the morning Capt. Grafton will see him for you, if the doctor will permit."

Whereat the widow only stormed the more, and declared, with hysterical tears, that they were keeping her away from Randy Merriam out of spite and hatred just at the most critical time. "He'll die, he'll die," she cried, "and carry my one safeguard with him to the grave!"

Sorely puzzled, Mrs. Grafton had to leave her once in awhile for a few minutes at a time to consult her husband, who could frequently be heard moving about the parlor or going quickly in and out of the house. It was plain that Grafton was troubled about something besides Randy, and at 11 o'clock the explanation came.

Up to sundown Florence—Mrs. Merriam—had not been seen or heard of at Jose's ranch.

One of the trailers, Rafferty by name, declared that Mignon's tracks turned suddenly to the northward and led away from the ranch and into the maze of foothills to the right of the cantonment trail. At sundown they had reached Jose's, still hoping against hope that she would be there, but no sign of her had been seen, and, borrowing a fresh horse, Rafferty started back to Sedgwick at the gallop to carry the news. He met the doctor with Mrs. Hayne only a short distance from Jose's, and they went on to the ranch hoping for better tidings, but bade him ride for Sedgwick with all speed. Rafferty could ride week in and week out if the horse could stand it, and Jose's broncho was a used-up quadruped by the time they reached the Santa Clara. There he turned him into a ranchman's corral and borrowed another, never stopping to say "by your leave, sir." This was on the queen's service in Rafferty's mind, and no man's property was sacred when "Miss Florence's" life was involved. Buxton was up and about when the courier came, and in ten minutes had reached the office and sent for Grafton. What he wished to know was, had she any reason whatever for turning away from the beaten track and taking to the unknown regions off the road and far to the northwest of the settlements? Grafton knew of none. There was indeed grave reason why she should not.

For 50 miles northward the Santa Clara twisted and twisted through a fairly fertile valley, once the herding ground of the Navajos, now wild and almost unsettled. Americans and Mexicans both had tried it as a stock range, but American cattle and American horses demanded a better quality of grass and more of it than would serve the stomach of the Indian pony. Treaty obligations sent the Navajos farther into the mountains to the northwest—beyond the Mesclero—but there were restless roamers who were constantly off the reservation, sometimes on pass but oftener on mischief, and on the pretext of trading they came recklessly as far as the settlement, and then somebody's horses were sure to be missing, spirited away into the foothills, whither it was almost useless to follow. The Navajos said the Mexicans were the thieves, the Mexicans declared them to be the Navajos, and when both parties were caught and accused, with prompt unanimity both announced that Apaches must again be raiding, and the name of Apache covered a multitude of sins. Time was when Victorio and Nana led the cavalry some glorious chases into the Mesclero, but both those redoubtable had met their fate, and agency officials across the Arizona line were ready to swear that none of their once intractable followers ever thought of quitting corn or melon planting for the forbidden joys of the raid and the warpath. All the same the foothills and the valley far to the northwest of the settlements were full of mystery and danger—the roaming ground of the horsethief and the renegade, and Merriam's men, just in from their long chase, pointed out how the Mexican ruffians, though starting originally toward the southwest, had in long wide circuit gradually worked their way northward, as though making for this very region. The leader of the gang that shot Brady and Corcoran was a fellow by the name of Ramon Valdez, and there was no devilry too steep for him. The news, therefore, that Florence Merriam had not reached Jose's, but that her trail was lost somewhere among the buttes and boulders four miles to the eastward of that frontier refuge, struck dismay to the hearts of her friends at Sedgwick. The tidings went from lip to lip, from house to house, like wildfire, and by midnight

an entire troop had ridden forth with their ever ready three days' rations, and with Capt. George Grafton in command, and their orders were not to return without Mrs. Merriam or definite news of her.

Mrs. Grafton let her husband go only with deep reluctance. He was very necessary to her now. She felt the need of his support in the management of her truculent patient. She had to leave the latter while assisting him in his busy preparations, and she was surprised and rejoiced to see that on her return to her Fanny had become far more calm and resigned. The ladies in many households were still up and flitting about the post, tearfully, forebodingly discussing the situation, and several of them had dropped in to speak a word with Mrs. Grafton—Whittaker and Minturn being ever on the alert to escort such parties—and so it was long after one—indeed, it was nearly two o'clock—when at last, after a final peep at her now placidly sleeping guest and leaving Annette curled up on the sofa by her mistress' bedside, Mrs. Grafton finally sought her own pillow and slept long into the sunshine of the following day.

Awakening with a start at the sound of stirring music on the parade, she found that it was after eight and guard mounting was in full blast. Summoning a servant, her first question was for news of Mrs. Merriam, for servants always know the garrison news before their masters. Not a word had been received. Presently she tiptoed to Fanny's room, softly turned the knob, and noiselessly entered. There lay her guest still plunged in deep slumber, but Annette had disappeared, gone, probably, to the kitchen for coffee. Far over at the east, where the railway crossed the barren mesa, a locomotive whistle broke the silence of the desert with long, exultant blast. The blockade then was broken. The first train was coming in from Cimarron. Dressing with greater haste than usual, she ordered breakfast served, and then went out on the piazza and looked up the row toward the Merriams'. The doctor was just coming out of the gate, and Whittaker, who had spent the night there on watch—all thought of rivalry forgotten—was standing on the top step, apparently detaining the physician with some question. Eager for news of Randy, Mrs. Grafton threw her husband's cavalry cape over her shoulders and tripped briskly up the gravel walk. "Still sleeping," said the doctor, "and how is your patient?"

"Also sleeping," said Mrs. Grafton. "I don't see how people can sleep so

soundly at such times," whereat the doctor looked conscious but said nothing. All that morning people strained their eyes and rubbed their binoculars and searched the distant foothills to the northwest, hoping for the coming of couriers with news; but not until afternoon were they rewarded. Then, covered with sweat and dust, a corporal of Grafton's troop rode in. Dr. Gould and Mrs. Hayne were still at Jose's, though they feared they could be of no use there, for no sign of Florence had been found. Grafton had sent couriers on to the Catamount with the tidings of her peril, and his men, in wide dispersed order, were scouring the foothills long days' marches away. Full half an hour the ladies grouped at Buxton's, listening to the soldiers' description of their search, and then were strolling homeward when, over toward the west end of the cavalry line, arose the sound of commotion and distress.

An instant later, as the doctor, glancing, turned to hasten thither, a woman dressed in deepest black came reeling forth from the Merriams' doorway and plunging wildly down the steps. Everyone knew her at a glance—it was Fanny McLane, who stood there now swaying at the gate as though gasping for breath, while calling inarticulately for aid. It was but a few seconds before the doctor reached her. They saw him accost her briefly, then go springing past her up the steps and into the house. A moment more and Mrs. Grafton, with other women, reached her.

"What is the matter? What has happened, Fanny? Why are you here?" And cowering, sobbing, shivering, she made answer:

"Oh, stop him! save him! He'll kill himself. I—told him his wife was gone."

Too late. Out to the stable the doctor chased, for bed and room were deserted. There, wildly gesticulating and pointing to the open mesa, was Hop Ling. "He make my saddle—he makee lide—he allee gone!" he wailed, pointing to where, far to the west, a puff of dust cloud was swiftly vanishing down into the valley of the Santa Clara.

CHAPTER XV.

Just about noon, when the hospital attendant was away at dinner, the doctor at Buxton's and Whittaker getting a nap after his night of vigil, only Hop Ling was on duty over Randy. "He'll probably sleep until late in the afternoon," the doctor said, when he looked in at 11, and so perhaps he might have done. Grafton, before starting, had taken the responsibility of removing Florence's ominous looking missive and placing it with other letters on the mantel in the little parlor. He could not feel justified in hiding it entirely.

He felt that when Merriam woke the truth would have to be told him, and perhaps Florence's own words might best explain her flight. At all events Dr. Leavitt had promised to be on hand to see that the news was not too abruptly broken, and Leavitt counted on a long sleep and upon subsequent drowsiness and languor as the result of his treatment. No one had dreamed of the possibility of such rude awakening as came. No woman in her right senses would have ventured on the mad-brained, desperate measure resorted to by Mrs. McLane. What she hoped to learn, what she expected to gain, what papers or information she still believed him to possess, who can say? The power of reasoning, diffused from her by the stupefying drug that of late had overmastered its weak and willing victim, seemed to have utterly gone, leaving in its place only something of the craft and cunning that possess the insane. No sooner was Mrs. Grafton out of the way, than, rousing suddenly, Fanny had summoned Annette, had hastened through her toilet, and, barely sipping the coffee tendered her, had thrown a light wrap over her head and shoulders and flitted out of the house, out past the stable at the rear, and, to the amazement of the sentry on No. 2, had scurried away along the fence, had easily located the Merriams' gate, the number 30 which corresponded with that of their quarters, and in another moment had let herself through the kitchen and dining-room and into the little parlor. There for a few moments she seemed to have paused and reconnoitered.

Of what followed only Randy and Hop Ling were witnesses. The latter was never able to explain it, if indeed he ever could understand the situation, and as for Randy, it was long before he could be induced to speak of it at all. The time came when he had to, however, and it can be told now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Humility of Genius.

The eminent scholar and church historian, Dr. Philip Schaff, used to say of himself, "I have not genius. I am simply a hard worker, and what I owe to God and to constant application, keeping my wits about me." This notable humility recalls the remark of Sir Isaac Newton that the only genius he had was the ability to keep a problem before his mind until he saw through it. A Scotch clergyman said: "Sir Isaac Newton is as well acquainted with the stars as if he had been born and brought up among them." But the great philosopher was much more modest in his self-appraisal. "I seem," he wrote, "to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me." Our readers will not overlook the fact of that modest remark. Sir Isaac was always wandering on the seashore, and always intent on finding pebbles and shells. "He that seeketh findeth."—Youth's Companion.

Answered.

There is a little Piety Hill girl who is devout in her religious observances, and opens each day's campaign of her busy young life with the Lord's prayer. The other morning, after repeating "give us this day our daily bread," she hesitated for a moment, as if in doubt, and then departed from the text to say: "An', O Lord, it's jus' 'venient as not, we pray Thee to make it gingerbread," concluding in regular form.

That her faith might not be shaken, she had a good deal more gingerbread that day than was good for her, but she received a very imperative warning that the prayer must be repeated as it had been taught her, for the Lord did not think it right that little girls should have too much sweets. Since that she has been going into her closet to pray and the mother is haunted with a fear that her little one is growing skeptical.—Detroit Free Press.

Difficult of Access.

"She is very frigid in her manner," remarked Willie Washington.

"Perhaps," was the reply; "but she has a heart of gold."

"So I have been informed. But I am tired of trying to cross a conversational Chilkat pass in order to reach it."—Washington Star.

Cabbage de Havana.

Howso—I'm suffering from cabbage heart.

Cumso—What caused it?

Howso—Just finished smoking the box of cigars my wife gave me Christmas.—Brooklyn Life.

Making a Name.

Potts—I notice Brush is making quite a name for himself.

Dobbs—Is that so?

Potts—Yes; he's going to put it over his paint shop when he gets it finished.—N. Y. World.

A TOTAL SURPRISE.

It Was Caused by the Unusual Result of a Little Man's Reckless Unguardedness.

They were sitting around the stove in the Zigler's store discussin' when the big man came in. They had gone over the Spanish war from start to finish, and had effectually settled the future of the new territories, and the talk naturally turned to personal bravery. It transpired that there was not a coward in the crowd, unless the small man over in the corner, who hadn't said a word, could be counted.

"Why," Bud Hays was just saying, "I never see the man yet as could make me back down. I ain't braggin' or nothin', gentlemen, but that man ain't growed as could make me chew my words. Tobacker's good enough for me. Understand, gentlemen, I don't go round lookin' fer no wrangle, but I ain't goin' around runnin' away from it, nuther." With which Bud settled back and the four silently expectorated at the wood box with the warm glow of men mutually satisfied with their own attributes.

The big man walked back to the stove, a trifle unsteadily, slapping his mittens together as he came.

"I hope," said he, "ye wasn't makin' no observations about me," he began, eyeing Bud Hays with a glare of hostility. "Cause if ye did ye might ez well say 'em to my face." A deathlike silence following this announcement, the big man began again: "Er mebbe ye was jest makin' a declaration on general principles an' waitin' fer somebody t' take it up. Ef ye did, I'm yer man."

More deathlike silence. "Some folks is awful smart that away. Mebbe some of yer frien's hain't satisfied with my remarks."

There being no response to this the stranger became aggrieved. "It's a curious thing," he observed, "thet a man can't come in where thar's a crowd o' lazy loafers without bein' insulted. Why, it's simply unbearable. Here a peneable man comes in mindin' his own business, an' a derned ornery slunk takes occasion t' throw slurs at him. Why, dern yer hide, what d'ye mean?"

"Excuse me, stranger," said Bud Hays, squirming uneasily in his seat and glancing with an appealing eye at the unresponsive faces of his friends. "I don't remember no insults east at nobody."

"Oh, you don't remember 'em, eh?" shouted the stranger. "So ye don't remember what ye said to me about not bein' able to lick one side of ye? Why, dern ye—"

"I never said—" broke in the astonished Bud, but the stranger threw his mittens on the floor and danced on them.

"An' now I'm a liar, am I? Ain't satisfied with insultin' me mildlike so I could pass it over, but make it stronger so's I'll have to fight ye."

"Now, looker here," said Bud.

"Don't ye dispute me again," roared the stranger, pulling his Astrakhan overcoat, "don't ye do it. I'll stand a whole lot, but I won't be tramped on by any yaller pup nor any of his dink friends!" and he glared around the little circle of eyes that were busily seeking the floor.

But the challenge was taken up from an unexpected quarter. The quiet little man over in the corner got up and put his jackknife in his pocket.

"You're a big bluff," he said calmly as he stepped out in the middle of the floor, "and you're afraid to fight."

Astonishment and apprehension were blended on the faces of the little circle, and for a moment the big man stood dumfounded. Then he waded in and he licked the little man to a finish. Yes, he did. Licked him good and plenty, unusual and unnatural as it may seem for the little man to get the worst of it. Otherwise this story never would have been written. It's the only thing that makes it valuable as an unusual incident.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Boiled Egg Dressing.

Allow one egg to every two persons and boil for 20 minutes. Remove the shells at once and place the yolks in a deep dish, reserving the whites to be cut into dice and mixed with the meat. To the cooked yolks add one raw one if the number does not exceed ten, two if a greater number are used, and reduce the whole to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon, or, if preferred, an elastic-bladed knife, but never use steel after oil and vinegar are added. Add olive oil, little by little, stirring steadily all the time, until a sufficient quantity has been used; then season with salt, cayenne pepper, mustard and lemon juice to suit the taste. The foundation once made, more or less oil can be added as required; but, as a rule, six eggs call for one pint. Should the mixture curdle in the process of making, add a few drops of lemon juice and a little mustard and stir them well in, when it will once more become smooth, and oil can again be added until the full quantity has been used.—Boston Globe.

Taking Wives on Trial.

It is seriously proposed in a London newspaper that a man should take a wife on the same principle as he engages a house—for three, five or seven years, renewable at the husband's pleasure. This idea was once discussed in parliament.—N. Y. Sun.

A. N. K.-E 1742

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



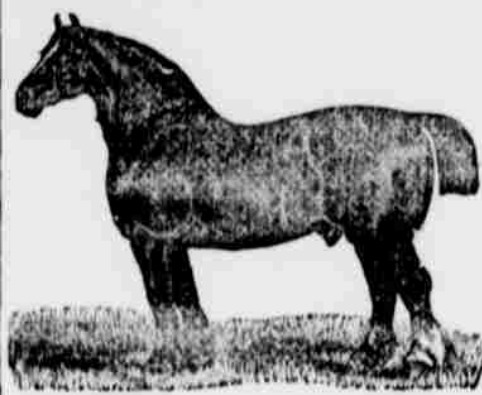
FOR GOVERNOR,
P. WAT HARDIN,
OF HARRODSBURG.

For State Auditor,

EDITOR TURNER, of the Sentinel-Democrat, reckons without reason when he says the Tenth district is for Mr. Goebel for governor. As the mouthpiece of the Montgomery Democracy he may be authorized to make such an assertion. But information upon which we can absolutely rely, reinforced by our own individual investigation and owl-eyed observation, prompts us to proclaim that Gen. P. Wat Hardin will carry every county in this district, with the possible exception

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All druggists refund money if it fails to
cure. - 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on
each tablet.


Yet the Goebelites say Stone was the winner.—*Louisville Post.*



NOTE.—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables.
Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

 You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

TRAINING (AND) FEED STABLES

LIVERY STABLES.



Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel

W. H. PIERATT has charge of the Hazel Green office, and business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. PATRONIZE A HOME AGENCY.



RESTORED MANHOOD

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases, the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Impotence or Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Loss of Mental Energy, excessive use of Tobacco or opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box. Write for \$5.00, 147 E. 12th St., Cleveland, O.

Hood's Pills

Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE HERALD.

Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt., Rothwell, Ky.

Charley Backhannon was in Maytown Tuesday.

There was a good leg tide in Red river Saturday.

Miss Eddie Daniel has been quite sick the past week.

Ed. Taulbee made a flying trip to Blackwater yesterday.

Chap Swango, of West Liberty, visited friends here Monday.

J. G. Trimble, who was in our midst last week, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. S. B. Kash, who has been quite sick for two weeks past, is improving.

Wanted.—To trade a yearly subscription to THE HERALD for a male goat.

Hood Vaughn and Boone Litteral have been quite sick at the "Home" this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kash, of near Hazel Green, were in our midst last week.

Born, to the wife of Andy Blankenship, Thursday last, a boy. Dr. Nickell officiated.

I want about 200 clap-boards to cover smoke house. Call at HERALD office. SPENCER COOPER.

Wes. C. Taulbee passed through our city Monday enroute to Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

Charley Rose will please accept the thanks of the editor for a mess of angel food last week.

Mrs. John Davis has been confined to her room for four weeks past, but at this writing is improving.

R. J. McLin leaves today for Torrent and is undecided whether he will come to Hazel Green to live.

Thos. Mayne, representing the Ball-Warfield Drug Company, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mr. J. F. Shafer, a first-class printer, recently with the *Bourbon Semi-Weekly News*, has accepted a situation on THE HERALD.

Little Robert Cord has been confined to his home and bed for two weeks from an injury to his knee-cap, but we are glad to state that he is improving nicely.

LOOK OUT for the first signs of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your **BLOOD**.

The many friends of Mrs. Lou Day will be rejoiced to hear that she is rapidly improving, and it is now only a matter of time when she will be herself again.

Some fifteen or twenty pupils of H. G. A. have had the measles in the past two months, but are now well and are at their work again in the school room.

At the regular services of the Christian church on Sunday, the topic for sermons will be "The Lord's Requirements," at 11 a. m., and "Belshazzar's Feast," at 7:30 p. m.

Dr. Mason Kash was summoned to Jackson by telegraph last week to see his daughter Mrs. Floyd Day, and is yet with her. She was reported some better Tuesday, but is not yet out of danger.

Dr. Taulbee was summoned to McCausey Tuesday night to see Rolly Bailey, who fell on a running saw and lacerated the gastrocnemius muscle of his leg. Two of his children being sick he did not get away until one o'clock yesterday morning.

Rev. W. A. Hostetter will preach at Gillmore school house on the 31st of this month at 11 o'clock a. m., and at early candle light in the evening. Mr. Hostetter is president of the Methodist Protestant church and said to be a fine pulpit orator. Everybody invited.

Henry Pieratt tells us that a man ate two cans of oysters, one dozen eggs and three boxes of sardines in his store one night last week, and then wanted to buy a three-pound can of peaches. He remarked that he had been boarding at home for a few days and felt a little bit lank.

A young man named Higgins, a son of Clint Higgins, shot George Daugherty in Menifee county, about four miles from Ezel, last Saturday evening. Higgins and a man named Elam became involved in a difficulty and Daugherty interfered in behalf of Elam. Higgins then left, but subsequently returned along the road where Elam and Daugherty were concealed, when the latter caught his horse by the bridle and demanded satisfaction. Higgins dismounted from his horse, shot Daugherty, remounted and rode away. Daugherty was not dead on Monday evening, but Elder Adams, our informant, said it was the opinion of the physicians that he could not live as the ball struck him just below the left nipple.

Friday will close the third term of the present session of H. G. A. Some of the young men will be compelled to leave school now in order "to make a crop," while others will matriculate on Monday, the beginning of the 4th term. So far the present session of H. G. A. has been the most prosperous in the history of the school. The enrollment has been large and the attendance has steadily increased. Verily, the efforts of some schools in neighboring counties to attract pupils from H. G. A. has had the opposite effect. "You cannot build up by tearing others down."

Rev. R. M. Lee will preach at Hazel Green on the first and third Sundays of each month, at Lacy creek on the second Sunday and at Pine Grove on the fourth Sunday. The third quarterly meeting for the Hazel Green charge will be held at Lacy creek on Saturday and Sunday, April 15 and 16. The presiding elder, Rev. W. B. Kagan, will be present. All are cordially invited to be present at all the services.

Mrs. Rilda Day, of this place, is visiting in Cincinnati this week in company with Miss Laura Rawlings, of Jackson, who is there buying goods for Floyd Day. Mrs. Day will spend a week in Cincinnati looking at the styles, etc., after which she will visit friends in Lexington for a week, and during the time spent at each place she will take in all the styles and be prepared to present them to her customers.

John M. Rose, accompanied by John Evans, left Saturday morning for Louisville, where he will lay in a bran new stock of general merchandise, including the latest lines in dress and dry goods, notions, etc. He hopes to open about April 1, and invites the people of Hazel Green and vicinity, to call and look over his stock which he assures them will be strictly up to date and cheap as dirt.

Noah Taylor, the colored driver for J. T. Day, now has a brand new wagon of the Rose & Davis make, with the word "Noah" in big letters on the side boards, and he is as proud of it as a boy of his first pair of red top boots. A Michigan man, who was at Torrent last week, tied a blue ribbon on it as being the best wagon he had seen in Kentucky.

Mrs. Nannie Clark requests us to say that she is prepared to do all kinds of sewing and will be thankful for all the work in that line she can get. Mrs. Clark, as our readers generally know, is a widow lady, depending entirely upon her own labor for a living, and the people of this section should, at least, give her a share of their patronage.

From now until the 20th of April we will receive yearly subscriptions to THE HERALD and the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal or the Louisville Weekly Dispatch, at the low price of \$1.00 a year; or, we will send the Cincinnati Enquirer and our paper one year for \$1.25. NOW is the time to subscribe.

FOR ALL WOMEN

NINE-TENTHS of all the pain and sickness from which women suffer is caused by weakness or derangement in the organs of menstruation. Nearly always when a woman is not well these organs are affected. But when they are strong and healthy a woman is very seldom sick.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

Is nature's provision for the regulation of the menstrual function. It cures all "female troubles." It is equally effective for the girl in her teens, the young wife with domestic and maternal cares, and the woman approaching the period known as the "Change of Life." They all need it. They are all benefited by it.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the "Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THOS. J. COOPER, Tupelo, Miss., says: "My sister suffered from very irregular and painful menstruation, and doctors could not relieve her. Wine of Cardui entirely cured her and also helped my mother through the Change of Life."

THE HERALD this week is a sample of we propose making it, only we shall endeavor to improve it from week to week. Will you help us?

The improvement in front of the Trimble property by the building of a nice sidewalk, is very much appreciated by the pedestrians generally, and attendants at the Christian church in particular.

Prof. Cord has just completed the nicest and most substantial plank walk in front of his residence that was ever built in the town. People who contemplate building anything of the kind should take pattern from it.

H. F. Hillenmyer's spring announcement reached us too late for this issue but will appear in next week's paper. In the meantime if you want fruit trees, plants, vines or anything of that kind, write to him for his spring catalogue.

Wes Taulbee who was recently honorably discharged as a sergeant of the Sixth U. S. Infantry, left Tuesday morning for Porto Rico, where he will join the Fifth Cavalry, in which his brother, Alvin, is a sergeant. Two months of civil life was all he could stand.

Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and yet it is only because as the one true blood purifier, it makes pure, rich, healthy, life-giving blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act easily, yet promptly. 25c.

Programme for the first annual entertainment by the Hazel Green Alumni Association, to be held at the Hazel Green Academy, June 15, 1899:

1. Music.
2. Opening Address, J. H. Swango.
3. Representative of '95, J. S. Adams.
4. " " '96, Carl Mize.
5. " " '97, H. E. Oney.
6. " " '98, R. E. Day.
7. Alumni Basket by Miss Lula Kash.
8. Address to Graduates, E. O. Taulbee, Pres.

M. L. DAY, Sec. & Treas.

Connaught 2nd, 3512.

Connaught 2nd, 312, making the season at John Pieratt's stable, is a fine individual, possessing the finest action and natural style of any horse in the country. The Hackney is noted the world over for style, action and endurance, having been bred for 150 years to this aim as will be seen—Shales 699, English Hackney Stud was foaled 1755.

By examining Connaught's pedigree you will find Norfolk Hero 494, the sire of Bellefounder 55—imported into the U. S. in 1822,—to be the grandsire of Rysdyke's Hambletonian 10, the king of trotting sires.

The Norwich Mercury of Nov. 8, 1805, describes a match between the dam of Bellefounder 55, and a horse named Doubtful, which was decided in favor of the mare. The distance trotted was 151 miles in an hour and had to turn around sixteen times. Mr. Minton's hackney horse trotted 73 miles in seven hours and three minutes with two men in a top buggy from Lebanon to Danville and back over forty-nine long hills and was not hurt in the least.

We do not believe these 150 years of England's study and close breeding has been in vain, but have produced the best high class and general utility horses the world has ever seen. Call and see Connaught at Mr. Pieratt's stable.

Do You Want to Make Money?

\$10.00 to \$25.00 per Week Guaranteed. We want intelligent, hustling representatives to handle the most beautiful and popular line of fast selling books and Bibles ever issued by any house. Up-to-date, quick sellers, low retail prices, liberal terms and fair dealing are the inducements we offer. Credits given and freights paid. We want you with us. Don't make your plans till you hear from us. Write us by return mail. THE HUDGINS PUB. CO., Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

Hazel Green Academy.

Normal and Preparatory School.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS. English Course; Latin Scientific Course; Preparatory Classical Course; Preparatory Ministerial Course; Teacher's Course; Business Course; Musical Courses.

Thorough work in every department. Attendance now the best in the history of the school.

Second term began January 2nd and ends June 7th, 1899. WM. H. CORD, Principal.

KE HARTFIELD,

Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky., REPRESENTS

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Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see them.

R. H. BRYAN,

SALESMAN FOR

Pearson & Clark,

WHOLESALE + GROCERS, LEXINGTON, KY.



DR. BELL'S PINE-TAR-HONEY

"Ring out the old Ring out the false Ring in the new Ring in the true"

We bring to you the new and true from the piney forests of Norway

DR. BELL'S Pine-Tar-Honey

Nature's most natural remedy, improved by science to a Pleasant, Permanent, Positive Cure for coughs, colds and all inflamed surfaces of the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

The sore, weary, cough-worn Lungs are exhilarated; the microbe-bearing mucus is cut out; the cause of that tickling is removed, and the inflamed membranes are healed and soothed so that there is no inclination to cough.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD DRUGGISTS Bottles Only. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 Sizes

BE SURE YOU GET Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey

I AM 68 YEARS OLD, and never used any remedy equal to Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It gives quick and permanent relief in grip as well as coughs and colds. It makes weak lungs strong.—Mrs. M. A. Metcalfe, Paducah, Ky.

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Those who have not paid their taxes must pay the same at once, as I WILL WAIT NO LONGER. A levy will be made in Ten (10) Days, and then there will be "a hot time in the old town to-night." Don't neglect this, as it will save me trouble and you much expense.

Respectfully, H. F. PIERATT, Deputy Sheriff Wolfe County.

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THE HERALD.

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A SONG OF THE TWILIGHT.

A gentle breeze
From southern seas,
Wafts landward with its store
Of jasmine from a tropic shore

White clouds set sail;
Night's wimpled veil
Is flecked with burnished gold
And tints of ruby manifold.

Far through the west
All crimson drest,
The evening star burns clear,
A melting, trembling, liquid tear

Or fire which soon must quiver ring
Beneath the flood of dying skies,
As if a radiant cherub tossed
A flashing gem from paradise!

Thou art, I ween,
Oh lambent queen,
With silvery face unmarred,
God's faithful guide, for his elect
That journey heavenward.
—Sam Kendrick Abbott, in Atlanta Constitution.

Uncle David's Grievance

WHEN the Montreal express had rushed past Owl's Head station, up in the Adirondacks, with the plow in front of the engine sending the snow to either side of the track like the bone in the mouth of an Atlantic liner, the guides stamped the snow from their boots and settled down on the benches around the stove to talk over election.

"How does it happen, Uncle David," said Pete Guppy to old Mr. Shorter, "that you ain't been to the polls these ten year an' more, an' every election we send the wagon for you reg'larly?"

"When you catch your Uncle David a-casting a vote in the state of Noo York, Pete, you just make a note of it," and Uncle David opened his big buck-horn handled knife and began to strop it deliberately on his boot top.

"Whatcher got against votin', Uncle Dave?"

"Nothin' at all against votin', as votin', but the state of Noo York ain't treated me square, an' I'm not a-goin' to help her out with my vote, not by a darn sight, an' just make a note of that for your Uncle David."

Mr. Shorter tested the edge of his knife with his thumb, and the result not being satisfactory, he resumed his stropping. "The state of Noo York robbed me of \$100 12 year ago, an' until I get that buck with interest they can send all the darned old wagons in the county to me on 'lection day, but they won't get my vote. Just 12 years ago next month the state of Noo York fined me \$100 for killin' a buck out of season. That was the biggest buck I ever see. He weighed 310 pounds dressed, an' his horns were bigger'n elks. The great state of Noo York accused me of killin' him out of season an' I had to pay the fine. Didn't I shoot him? Course not. He shot himself by his own darned carelessness, but I had no witnesses an' I couldn't prove it. It was this way, an'



"I GRABBED HIS TAIL."

Just make a note of it, an' when I'm dead an' gone you tell it to your boys as a warning, provide this railroad don't drive all the deer out the woods.

"There was a dreadful fall of snow that December and when it crusted over I went out looking for spruce gum. Just by way of company I took along that ole carbine, Pete, which I sold three year ago to Joe Garner. That was a powerful shootin' gun for its size, now I can tell you. I hadn't no notion of seein' deer, but there was lots of bear signs 'round in the fall, old rotten logs tore apart an' such like, an' I took the ole carbine along just in case. I worked along over toward Pine Top hill, an' the snow was between six an' eight feet deep down in the gully. The crust was strong until I got down there, an' then quicker'n a log drive it dropped with me, an' down I went till my head was covered with snow. I tried to climb out, but it was no go. Every time I'd get up so's I could grab the crust it would break with me an' down I'd go. Then I hollered, but there wasn't a darned soul within three miles of me an' I knew it. While I was a-thinking it all over I heard a crackling on the crust that sounded like somethin' approachin' on a trot like. The first thing I knew a whoppin' big buck poked his nose over the hole where I was, an' then, with a snort as he saw me, he tried

to jump across. He most made it, but his hind quarters sunk back, an' seein' my chance I grabbed his tail, before he could stick it up, with one hand, an' I clung to my old carbine with the other. I can remember now just how I felt as the ole buck, with me as a handicap, struggled to pull his hind quarters out of that hole, and every time his hoofs hit me they tore my clothes. I don't know how he felt about it, but he acted mighty skait an' he thrashed around a powerful lot. I clung to him like grim death 'cause I knew that it was my only chance to get out of the hole.

"The ole buck he worked an' tusselled an' kicked like a good one, an' the first thing I knew I was out of the hole an' a-travelin' at the rate of a mile a minute, a-clinging to that buck's tail. I dassent let go, for fear I'd fall through the crust again. Part of the time we went so fast that I was hanging out straight from the buck, with my feet clear off the crust. Gee! but that ole fellow was a swift runner. He was a headin' toward Owl's Head all right, an' thinks I to myself, so long as he goes in my direction an' I can hold on I'll hold. You see, I'd gotten kinder used to the motion by this time, an' so long as I could keep clear of his heels I was pretty comfortable. Every once in awhile he would give me a kick with his hind feet, an' I would let out a yell that would make him jump as if I was an electric battery. If you fellows want to travel fast, just hitch on behind a big buck—make a note of it, a big buck."

"We must a' cleared about two miles across the country in this fashion when I saw out of the corner of my eye Bill Jason's old line fence right ahead. That meant trouble for one of us. I don't believe that buck could raise us both over that fence, an' it was my opinion he'd not attempt it. That was where I didn't know my buck. The ole boy sailed for the fence like a bird, an' just as he was goin' over the usual thing happened to my old carbine. What was that? Why, say, how many people are shot every year by trying to pull a loaded gun over the fence? Just make a note of it when you find the number. It's a dreadful dangerous thing to do, and I knew it, but I couldn't stop that buck, in season or out of season. He swung me clear of the ground, an' just as we was a-sailing over my gun caught on the top rail an' was discharged, sending the bullet clean through that buck's heart."

"It all happened so quick that I didn't sense it at first as we came down in the snow together. When I did I felt nervous, for I knew the deer season was closed. Now, I ask you what could I do? That buck had come to his death through carelessness. There was no use crying about it, an' he was a beauty. I went home and brought back the sled for him, returning kinder quiet like after dark. Jason an' me had had a little lawsuit over a sugar camp an' he went an' made complaint on me of shootin' a deer out of season. It was a darn mean trick an' I got even with him later. They took your Uncle David Shorter to court an' a lot of pesky lawyers asked me more questions'n a census taker. Jason, he swore as how he see that buck a-hangin' by my house. We admitted it. Then they put your Uncle David on the stand an' I tole the truth just as I tell you now. A lot of those village galsoots who'd never fallen through the crust was on the jury an' there must have been somethin' funny in my clothes, for all the time I was a-tellin' about my miraculous escape from the hole in the snow at the buck's tail they just sat there an' grinned like Sam Jackson's oldest boy did before they sent him to the idiot asylum. I'd like to see how much grinnin' they'd do if they was a-flyin' through the air with no better hold than a buck's tail an' him a-movin' lively. Just make a note of that, now."

"I told that jury how that careless buck had dragged me an' the gun over the fence, an' the gun got caught on the rail an' discharged itself. If anyone was to be blamed for killin' that buck, say I, it was Jason, who built the line fence. That would be justice, says I, an' make a note of it. What did they do? Why, the jury convicted me without leavin' their seats, because Jason swore that the hole in that buck's hide was in the head. The prosecutin' attorney said that he hated to discredit me, but he said, admittin' that I was a-hangin' on the buck's tail, as I was, how could I shoot him through the head. An' I swore that I had shot him through the heart. It made me blush for my race to hear a man talk silly like that. When tua, ole buck was a-clearin' the fence he looked around neighborly-like to see how I was comin' along, an' just then the gun went off. That prosecutin' attorney didn't know my ole carbine an' its shootin' qualities. The bullet started through the buck's head, an' the buck turned his head around so quick that it kept right on down his neck till it pierced his heart. Wouldn't say though that he'd figured that out for himself."

"The court fined me \$100, which I paid, and I says to the judge, 'Judge,' says I, 'this fine is almost as bad as callin' me a liar. You represent the great an' sov'rin state of Noo York, an' you can count me out on runnin' it as long as this \$100 stands between us. I'll pay it, judge, but it ain't right, an' you know it.'"

"I did pay, b'gosh, though Jason

didn't think I could, an' I ain't been to the polls since. I was robbed, an' it will cost the state of Noo York just \$100 with 12 years' interest to get my vote, an' just make a note of that."

Uncle David Shorter closed his buck-horn handled knife with a snag, which indicated that he had nothing more to say, and then he walked out and started through the snow toward Mountain View.

"For a Meth'dist," commented Pete Guppy, "Uncle David ain't so slow, an' his story reminds me—" but the station agent's kindly hint that a freight train was due in two minutes interrupted Pete, and the guides hurried outside to watch it go by.—N. Y. Sun.

A MEDIEVAL GUILD.

It Included in Its Membership the Adult Population of a Whole Parish.

A correspondent of the English Guardian gives an interesting account of the account book of a church guild which dates back to prereformation times. Such account books are rare, and so our readers may be interested to learn of its contents, especially at these days when church guilds are so much in vogue. The parish is Bardwell, Suffolk.

The membership of the guild included probably the whole adult population of the village, men and women, and also the vicar, about 130 in number. The squire would doubtless have been entered in the guild had there been one resident. The officers were: First the alderman, who was president, and who was elected annually, the same person never holding the post for two years running. The vicar was never elected to this post. Second, the chaplain, who was not the vicar of the parish, although the vicar was a member of the guild. Third, the cook, who was salaried and had free privileges. Fourth, a minstrel with the same salary as the cook, together with an allowance of "cheese." Fifth, two guardians of "the light of St. Peter," and two guardians of "the light of the sepulcher."

The "light of St. Peter" was the light kept burning perpetually before the reserved host. The sepulcher light was a light set upon a grave after the interment of any member of the guild for at least the first month and sometimes, for a whole year after the funeral, it served as a reminder to passers-by to pray for the deceased.

The guild possessed the following different kinds of property: First, a herd of cows, which was let out annually to the members, a flock of sheep, which was managed in the same way, a building known as the guild hall (this building is still standing, being used as an almshouse); a large number of dishes, platters, saucers, spoons, etc. There was also a considerable quantity of silver plate, and there are to be noted three banners of St. Peter, which seem to have been costly.

The object of the guild was threefold: First, beneficial; the hiring out of the property of the guild to its members not only brought in an income to the guild, but also made it a kind of cooperative society, and so profitable to the members. Secondly, there was the social element; this was indicated by the possession of a great hall and the utensils necessary for a banquet, as well as the offices of cook and minstrel, all of which things tend to show that the guild knew how to enjoy itself. Thirdly, there was the religious feature, which was marked by provisions which we have already noted.

Allowing for certain differences in religion and worship, after all how much of our modern parochial institutionalism is like to this ancient guild. Times, however, have so far changed that the church guild will hardly ever again become the chief social function of a village, or its cooperative association, as was the character of the ancient institution.—St. Louis Republic

No Time to Lose.

A lady tells this story of the ubiquitous American tourist. She happened to reach the door of Warwick castle a minute or two after a Yankee, who was bent on "doing" the place, and, pending the arrival of a electric, found him busily studying his guide-book. When the doorkeeper made his appearance the American asked, in a quick, business-like tone:

"Have you that famous vase, still?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And the table that cost £10,000?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you still that likeness of Charles I. by Vandyke?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the doorkeeper, "they are all here. Won't you come in and see them?"

"No, thanks," replied the American. "I will take them all as per catalogue. I have got to see Coventry, with its three churches, to-day, and I want to visit Stratford-on-Avon and sleep in Leamington to-night, and I guess I'll have to be in Sheffield to-morrow morning on business. So, many thanks all the same, but I will take them all as per catalogue. Good morning."

And, snatching up his umbrella, he hurried away.—Tit-Bits.

Trial by Jury in Siberia.

Trial by jury was established in Siberia on January 1 by a case of the czar.

THE SENATORIAL INSTINCT.

A Detroit Cat That Was Likened Unto the Luxurious Statesman.

"I guess I just about have the blue-ribbon cat story," declared one of the employees at a Detroit depot. "We had a big tom here that was a favorite for months. He never did anything worse than to whip an occasional dog that came prowling about, or scratch some kid that wanted to carry him off. But he became fat, lazy, self-important and impudent. He asserted a right to be on top of the desks, and resented the noise of a typewriter when he wanted to take his afternoon nap."

"So another of the boys and myself slipped Tom into a box car, and sent him to Chicago. There was no chance for him to escape, for it was a tight box car, with the doors sealed, and billed through."

"Two weeks later there came a carload of furniture from Chicago, and after it had been shunted to a side track the work of unloading was begun. The men scattered when they saw a pair of fiery eyes working toward them through chair legs and over carpet rolls. While they were arming themselves with coupling pins in order to resist the attack of some wild "critter," a long, lean and hungry-looking cat sprang out, blinked till he became accustomed to the light and then trotted to my office. There he gave me an ugly leer, winked at the clerks and curled up on a window sill in the sun. I accepted old Tom and now call him 'Senator.'"

"Why Senator?"

"Because he knew a good thing and was so anxious to get back."—Detroit Free Press.

How It Happened.

The police magistrate eyed the prisoner sternly.

"You were arrested," he said, "for assaulting the player of a street piano. What is your defense?"

"Well, your honor, I was just getting home after having been out all night with a sick friend. My wife was waiting for me in no friendly frame of mind. The dog came along and started playing 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night,' so I took it as a personal matter and proceeded to put a dent in his features. The cops hurried up and pinched the dogo and his piano, and I—"

"Well, you?" urged his honor.

"I was carried away with the music," said the prisoner, sadly.—Baltimore American.

Question of Values.

He knew that she was a clever business woman, and therefore he thought his scheme a good one. But he did not realize that she was such a good judge of values.

"I have made a bet that I will marry you," he said.

"Money up?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, pleased at the businesslike way she took hold of the proposition.

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

She looked him over critically.

"Too low," she said at last. "You'll have to get it raised to \$5,000 or you'll lose."

And at that, as she afterward explained, she was giving him a bargain-day price.—Chicago Post.

View of a Layman.

Bill—What do you reckon that doctor lumps me all over de chest for?

Jake—Tryin' to see how much dough you had in your inside pocket, of course.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Affirmative Wins.

No one can deny that in the matter of the Cyrano de Bergerac "fad" the play-going public is allowing itself to be led by the nose.—St. Louis Republic.

He Knew Not All.

H—You think you know it all, don't you? Him—No; I have never been able to figure out any reason for you being alive.—Indianapolis Journal.

The average man prides himself on the possessions his neighbor can't afford.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

The Good

It will do you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla in beyond estimation. It will give you warm, rich, nourishing blood, strengthen your nerves, tone your stomach, create an appetite, and make you feel better in every way. It is a wonderful invigorator of the system and wards off colds, fevers, pneumonia and the grip. The best winter medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price 25c.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Guarding Against Twin Terms.

A village clergyman tells this story: He was walking through the outskirts of his parish one evening, when he saw one of his parishioners very busy whitewashing his cottage. Pleased at these somewhat novel signs of cleanliness, he called out: "Well, Jones, I see you are making your house nice and smart." With a mysterious air Jones, who had recently taken the cottage, descended from the ladder, and slowly walked to the hedge which separated the garden from the road. "That's not 'xactly the reason why I'm a doing of this 'ere job," he whispered, "but the last two couples as lived in this 'ere cottage 'ad twins; so I says to my missus, 'I'll take an' whitewash the place, so as there mayn't be no infection. Ye see, sir, as 'ow we got ten children already."—Cornhill Magazine.

Don't get mad; it will settle on your liver. —Acheson Globe.

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is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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Healthy Happy Girls

often, from no apparent cause, become languid and despondent in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise so that merely to walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption."

They are anemic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood?

More anemic people have been made strong, hungry, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means they are the best tonic in the world.

Miss Lulu Stevens, of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., had been a very healthy girl until about a year ago, when she grew weak and pale. She lost her appetite, was as tired in the morning as at retiring, and lost flesh until she became so emaciated that her friends hardly knew her. The doctors declared the disease anemia, and gave her up to die. A physician who was visiting in Gasport prevailed upon her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She did so, and was benefited at once. She is now well and strong—the very picture of health.—Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.

The genuine are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. For sale by all druggists or sent postpaid, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., on receipt of price, fifty cents per box. Book of cures free on request.

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO COMPANY, Manufacturers

A NOBLE WOMANHOOD.

Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons from an Unnamed Bible Character.

Her Good Qualities Set Forth—The Hand on the Shuttle—The Greatness of Christian Characteristics.

A Scripture character whose name is not given becomes the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon, in which he sets forth the qualities of good and noble womanhood; text, II Kings 4:8, "Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a Divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences, just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking house, or the worldly business.

You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm; there may be only masculine voices down in exchange, but there oftentimes comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a modicum of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place, without moving hand or foot; if you say "Yes," responding "Yes;" if you say "No," responding "No"—inane, eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen—what would escutcheon or gleaming diadem—do to this woman of my text, who, by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Spain have been forgotten, and the brilliant woman who sat on the throne of Mania have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles and, holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter and the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest: "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole life perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpetbag portentous of carrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon creaking wheel and lank horse and rapid driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious camps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not much the sumptuousness of your home and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that crosses your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant at times, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the chair to offer Elisha when he came to Shunem. Most beautiful is

this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say: "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far west in the wilderness was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the Word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through, I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a Divine mission he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table? Are there not many to help him drink of that cup, and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servant's. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick theological seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "There is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was a hatrack all ready for the canes and umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofaed, chaired, pictured. He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study table in the center of the floor with stationery upon it, bookshelves built, long ranges of new volumes, far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor many of these volumes. The young pastor went upstairs and found all the sleeping apartments furnished, came downstairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for the coming winter. He went into the dining hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silver ware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is apocryphal. Oh, no! that was my own experience. Oh, the kindness, the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the Gospel ministry. I suppose the man of Shunem

had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian woman of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knee until noon and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble.

Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hitched up its fiery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelting of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or the length of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires, foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of 6,000 years? Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who ever has sketched the volcano of suffering rearing up from the depths of the lava and scoria and pouring them down the sides to overwhelm nations. Oh, if I could gather all the heartstrings, the broken heartstrings, into a harp, I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded! Mythologists tell us of gorgon and centaur and Titan and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters, but greater than gorgon or megatherium and not belonging to the realm of fable and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and say: "It is well, though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and, though the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say: "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

We may, like ships, by tempest be tossed On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost. Though Satan enrage the wind and the tide, The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. Those are not disciples of the Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public beneficence can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions. But what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say: "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people."

Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's pencilling from Bierstadt's "Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying these libraries when they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac! Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries! Of course I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel, there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovel to English cottage, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or husks to pineapple, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shell, and the grass of the field with the dew of the night, and hath exquisitely tinged morning cloud and robin redbreast, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments.

But what I want to impress upon you, my hearers, is that you ought not to inventory the luxuries of life among the indispensables, and you ought not to depreciate this woman of the text, who, when offered kingly preferment, responded: "I dwell among my own people." Yes, this woman of the text was great in her piety. Just read the chapter after you go home. Faith in God, and she was not ashamed to talk about it before idolaters. Ah, woman will never appreciate what she owes to Christianity until she knows and sees the degradation of her sex under paganism and Mohammedanism. Her very birth considered a misfortune. Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire worshippers in India, and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea, but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

PRESIDENT'S WEDDING GIFT.
Sends Admiral Sampson's Daughter an Original Dispatch from Santiago.

Among all the costly presents bestowed upon Olive Farrington Sampson at her marriage to Henry Harrington Scott she values none so much as a coiled and crumpled piece of yellow paper. It came from President McKinley, accompanied by an autograph letter expressing the president's regret that his engagements prevented him from being present at the wedding. His gift was the telegraphic message delivered to Secretary Long informing the nation, over Admiral Sampson's name, that Cervera's fleet had been destroyed off Santiago.

All the guests had to see this historical memento. All were loud in praise of Mr. McKinley for his delicacy in thinking of such a gift for the daughter of the victor. The bride said that she would hasten to have it handsomely mounted and framed in order that it might be preserved as an heirloom for future generations.

STOOD GUARD TWO WEEKS.
Wisconsin Dog a Prisoner, But Shows That He Has True Sporting Blood.

Eben Southwick, a farmer of Squaw Creek, Wis., while out rabbit hunting two weeks ago lost a valuable dog. The last he saw of the animal he was "streaking it" after a rabbit. The other day while passing a hollow tree another hunter heard a whining noise, and his investigation resulted in the discovery of the dog wedged into a hole in the log that was apparently not half large enough to admit his body. The dog had been in this position for two weeks without a morsel of food. When released he was hardly able to stand, nevertheless he proved himself to have genuine sporting blood in his veins, for no sooner had the hunter released him than he made another effort to place his head in limbo. The hunter discovered that the rabbit was still in the log and captured him.

Cure of Elephantiasis.
The Venezuelan Herald announces that the natives of Cucutta, on the frontier of Venezuela and Colombia, have discovered a cure for elephantiasis in an herb called tuatua, or frailejón. This dreadful disease has hitherto been regarded as incurable, and if there is any truth in the report from Cucutta, which is vouched for by a priest, the information may prove of great value to the medical world.

The most rapidly growing of German cities is Düsseldorf. Twelve years ago it had 100,000 inhabitants. To day it has 196,000.

SUMATRA TOBACCO.

How the Fragrant Leaf is Cultivated for the Market in the Islands.

Sumatra, upon the equator, "the half-way house of the world," is one of the most beautifully situated of the isles of the summer seas. The high mountain ridges on the west slope down and spread out in great green plains to the fertile eastern coasts, where the low swamps at the water's edge breed fatal germs of tropical disease. The large settlements and most of the attractive districts are on the west coast, the hills rising steeply from the ocean. Here thrives luxuriantly the coffee tree. Near Deli, on the straits of Malacca, large areas have been devoted to tobacco culture. On the lower east coast estates more than 43,000 coolies toil with the ardor known only to the germ-proof people, in this malarial land.

The wild mountaineers of Sumatra are in striking contrast to the gentle Javanese. When the Dutch would have conquered them they retired to their mountain fastnesses and waited for malaria to lay low the European foe. As seen in Sumatra, tobacco planting, which is the principal agricultural industry, is described as carried on in the most picturesque way in the world. The jungle is first cleared, and this is a costly and difficult undertaking. When the ground has been laid as bare as possible by felling trees and firing the undergrowth, the whole area is plowed by buffalo teams. This must be constantly carried on, as tobacco can only be grown for one year, and then the ground must be allowed to rest for eight or ten years. After plowing the land must be thoroughly drained by means of expensive canals. The tobacco seed is sown in the spring and carefully protected from the sun by means of matting.

When a certain development has been reached the young plants are planted at equal distances apart. The tobacco plant arrives at maturity about the end of June. After the leaves have been gathered they are dried in enormous sheds. These sheds are constructed most artistically of wood, bamboo and matting, and are provided all around the sides with adjustable mats for regulating the supply of air to insure perfect drying. It is the business of the Kling coolies to build these sheds and to keep the roads in order.

The tobacco is then stored, pressed, sorted and packed and finally piled in the buffalo wagons for shipment. It is taken to Belawan, and from here will find its way to all quarters of the globe. It will be treated in factories by modern machinery, will be handled by all sorts and conditions of men and women, and finally smoked by careless, prosaic men, who know nothing of the "summer isles of Eden," to whom Sumatra on pearls seas is but a name.

The Sumatran leaf is never used to make a whole cigar, but because of its beauty and regularity it is much used to make the outside of the "Havana," "Manila," "American" and "German," whatever cigars they may ostensibly be called.—Chicago Chronicle.

RESTRICTIONS ON TRADES.

Curious Specimens of Legislation in Great Britain in the Olden Times.

There are many instances of curious acts passed in connection with restrictions on trades and professions, and in some cases an element of humor enters into them when judged by the standards of to-day. The want of confidence in lawyers, which rightly or wrongly is somewhat commonly entertained, is at least as old as the times of Henry VI., for an act was passed in 1461 to reduce the number of attorneys in the eastern counties. The act shows that there were upward of 80 such in Norfolk and Suffolk, and their numbers were mercilessly reduced to six in Norfolk, six in Suffolk and two in Norwich. A statute of Henry VII. (1489) enacted that no butcher should slaughter cattle in any walled town—a restriction likewise extended to Cambridge. As though the gambling of the South sea bubble period had cast its shadow before, an act of 1697 strove to limit the number and restrain the ill practices of brokers and stock jobbers, and after the disaster of that time another act, in 1734, aimed at preventing certain "infamous" practices of stock jobbing.

A law, not of restriction but of relief, was that of 1712, exempting apothecaries from serving the offices of constable, scavenger and other parish duties and from liability of being called upon to act on juries. A bill that passed into law in 1723 provided against journeymen shoemakers pawning boots, shoes, leather and other materials, and establishing rules for regulating them. The matter of servants' certificates of character is still a burning question, and an act of 1792 sought to prevent the fraud of counterfeiting them. Several laws passed in England and Scotland had empowered justices of the peace to fix the wages and piece work of artificers and other workers, and this arbitrary power was withdrawn under George III. (1813).—Cornhill Magazine.

No Quitting Time.

Get a couple of horsemen to talking "horse" and there is no telling when they will quit.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

Regardless of Age.

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering, and deaths than any other organs of the body.

A majority of the ill-afflicted people today is traceable to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are unmistakable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply.

Uric acid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing poisoned and germ-filled blood. Sometimes the heart acts badly, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in the urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form of kidney trouble.

All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. It has a world-wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at 50 cents or \$1. You can have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery, Swamp Root, and a book telling all about it, both sent to you absolutely free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Sentinel-Democrat.]

JOHN A. JOYCE

Writes Entertainingly of Men and Matters.—How Thos. Y. Fitzpatrick "Hoodooed" Speaker Reed.

I see a few of your bright Kentucky Congressmen still lingering around the Department and hotel lobbies, among them the brilliant Berry and your own stalwart Tom Fitzpatrick; and genial Joe Blackburn gazes once more at the Senate side of the Capitol, where Poetic Justice and Destiny have promised to land him.

Well, as far as I'm concerned, as an Irish, Kentucky, Radical Republican, knowing there is no chance for the "undersigned" to warm his anatomy in the Congressional divans so to speak, like Barkus, I'm "willin'" that jolly and generous "Joe" shall "git thar."

Tom Fitzpatrick played a nice trick on Tom Reed, our "Oar," when he put the Big Sandy in the River and Harbor bill for nearly half a million dollars. He, "Fitz," must have "hoodooed" the man from Maine, because the House appropriation was only half this amount; yet in the dying hours of Congress Tom "influenced" the Senate by some of his locus-pocus or moonshine mountain dew manipulations. That "Duck" from Prestonburg has a way of hatching out success. If he set on door knobs, he'd produce "gossams."

John Allen, of Mississippi; Gen. Henderson, of Iowa, and Amos Cummings, of New York, are the boss "snorers" and singers of midnight sessions, but it is a dead secret, not to be told outside of school, that Fitzpatrick leads the gang in liquidating obligations and irrigating general anatomy with ice water and "Kentucky Trimmings." It is a sad thing to see the mountain district of the Big Sandy return a Democrat by an increased majority, and that, too, by the vote of "old soldiers" who have received frequent and increased pensions by the "influous" of Tom Fitzpatrick.

Dick Wood ought to keep his eye on the Big Walnut of the Big Sandy.

JOHN A. JOYCE, P. P. & P.

The Company He Keeps.

The unprovoked attack on Bronston is a good indication of what we may expect in the present campaign. The dirty methods that will be used will shame the Devil and cause him to forever close the doors against a great many, for it is well understood that the Devil wants to one in his realms capable of dividing the honors of iniquity with him. Kindred spirits are drawn together by an affinity that is irresistible. You can tell the caliber of a man by the people who associate with and assist him. Jack Chinn, the bully, is for Goebel.

Had you ever thought, while reading Goebel's borrowed and belated thunder in regard to cheap school books, how very much the distinguished candidate did not do for the bill while it was in the Senate? No! Well, then just think how he pushed the election bill through against the tremendous odds against it, and how he got everything through that he wanted to go. In the face of all the facts do you believe that he, the Pennsylvanian, without family or property in this State, cares for anything save his own interests, or that he stays awake nights planning to help the poor children of the State? That ain't Goebel.—Frenchburg Agitator.

Mr. Woodson.

Senator Goebel ought to call down his particular friend, Mr. Urey Woodson, of the Owensboro Messenger. Since Woodson has gotten to be National Committeeman from Kentucky he imagines he's "some pumpkins" in the Democratic field and seems to think it his special privilege to berate and abuse every Democratic editor who doesn't talk to suit Urey.—Maysville Bulletin.

Miss Wilkins' New Book.

In April Miss Mary E. Wilkins' latest story, "The Jamesons in the Country," which is now running in The Ladies' Home Journal, will be published in book form by the Doubleday & McClure Company, of New York.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

COUNTY NEWS NOTES.

To insure insertion ALL correspondence must be in this office by Monday night of each week, and that nearby on Monday morning.

SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

We gladly welcome the dear old HERALD in our midst again for we sadly missed its presence during the long winter evenings that have just passed over us, the coldest this country has known for years. We sincerely hope the editor may regain his health so much so that we may never be robbed of the pleasure of perusing its news columns again soon.

Mrs. A. B. Swango has been suffering with granulated eyelids for some time but is better at this writing.

Four of Lacy creek's bright young belles gave the Spring a call last week.

Harrison Swango attended church at Hazel Green Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Swango visited in Daysboro Sunday.

May success crown the every effort of THE HERALD is the wish of

TOLIVER TOPICS.

Glad to receive THE HERALD again.

Willie Kash, of Hazel Green, was in Toliver Monday.

Howard Mannin is moving to Brushy fork of Beaver.

James Elkins sold his farm to J. B. McNabb for \$500. Mr. Elkins will move to Beaver.

Garland Dennis, of Ezel, was visiting in Toliver Sunday.

George Neff has moved to upper Long branch.

Elders Johnson, Moore, Mannin, Yocum and others have just closed an interesting meeting at upper Long branch.

Henry Murphy of Grassy creek, left Sunday morning for Hot Springs for his health. March 20. SHINER.

DAYSBORO DOINGS.

J. H. Sebastian went to Hazel Green, Saturday.

Willie Alexander went to Hazel Green Monday.

Mrs. J. N. Lacy is visiting her son, H. Clay Lacy.

C. B. Amyx went to Hazel Green Monday of this week.

O. W. Cecil, of Grassy Creek, was in Daysboro Monday.

Mrs. Francis Fallen has been visiting at Lee City for a few days.

John Giblets, the poultry man, returned from the city one day this week.

Rev. H. C. Adams was in this neighborhood on business one day last week.

Harlan McClure and family were visiting at Lee City from Saturday until Monday.

George Bausley, of Lacy creek, was around in this vicinity Monday on business.

Mrs. Jordan Wills, of Maytown, was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Nickell, this week.

H. E. Oney passed through Daysboro Friday on his way to Breathitt county on a visit.

Robert Brooks is at Gossettown, Menifee county, this week having some fun with the boys.

James Lacy, Jr., of Lacy creek, did not get to drink any "Swango Water" Sunday, as he failed to get across the river. Are not the "waters of Salt creek better by far?"

March 22. CHARLIE.

GILLMORE GLEANINGS.

Jas. H. Vest has been confined to his house for several days with lagrippe.

Aunt Peggy Minton is suffering considerably with a chronic sore on the head similar to cancer, called eczema.

B. F. Dykes was yesterday taken by J. C. B. Little, deputy sheriff, before Judge Centers, at Campton, to be tried for the lunatic asylum. He is a raving maniac. We are very sorry to see Ben in such a condition. He was always a very civil, well-behaved boy, never drinking any whiskey as the writer has any knowledge of, nor using any bad language at any time. His conversation now seems to run in a religious channel, telling every one to trust in the Lord.

Moving has been the order of the day for some time past. Green Puckett, of Green Brier, is moving to Laurel Creek, this county. Breck Back and Harland Pratt have removed to Hunting Creek. Asbury Banks bought the Breck Back farm and has moved in. Lee Brooks and family has leased the Isaac Back farm and moved in. Nathan Tyler has moved to Dan Tolliver's farm on Lacy creek. Rolie Clark, of Toliver, who was here on temporary business, has moved back. W. L. Gose and family will move to Jackson soon as the waters and mud will permit, where Mr. Gose will take charge of a livery stable as boss manager for S. S. Taulbee. We wish them good luck and success and commend them to the citizens of the town of Jackson and surrounding country.

March 18. UNCLE REMUS.

MORGAN COUNTY.

MAYTOWN MISSIVES.

N. B. Lyons is in Mt. Sterling this week on business.

Dr. Volney Nickell, of Ezel, was in Maytown Saturday.

Born, to the wife of James Little, Friday, the 17th, a girl.

Mrs. Lina Sample, from near Chambers' Station, is visiting relatives here.

Harvey Nickell left yesterday morning, March 18, for Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Phelps, our successful miller, has been in Hazel Green the last three days.

Jordan Wills is now one of our most efficient and welcome neighbors in Maytown.

Mrs. Belle Manker is on the sick list this week. The sick of our town are improving nicely.

Mrs. Jordan Wills has just returned from a week's visit to relatives and friends near Hazel Green.

The singing school, which has been successfully taught by Mr. J. E. Spears, closed Thursday, March 16th, much to the regret of the class.

March 20. HAZEL EYES.

CONSOLATION CHAT.

Mrs. C. C. Long, who has been confined to her room since last fall, is now in a critical condition with consumption.

F. M. Long is sawing 5,000 feet of plank a day and will soon be ready to move to the Pieratt farm.

J. M. Carter taught a successful writing school at Consolation and closed out Saturday.

J. P. Motley will leave for Ohio this week where he will remain this summer at work. Born, to the wife of A. J. Blankenship, on the 14th inst., a girl.

George Byrd is certainly married, no doubt.

Measles and lagrippe are raging in this vicinity.

March 20. THE DRAKE.

Defends Hardin.

"In Mr. Goebel's canvass for the Governorship it seems to be a nightmare with him to fix on somebody responsibility for the championship of corporations. If he can get the people hot in the collar about corporations and have himself firmly imbedded in the public mind as the relentless persecutor of 'soulless' organizations and his competitor regarded as their cringing ally he may modestly cherish the hope that the gubernatorial chair is 'his'n.' But he might have searched a long time and not have found a more unpromising subject to hang such a charge upon than Gen. Hardin. Our fellow citizen is no fool and he has long ago appended the truth that it is a mighty good thing for a politician to be on very chilly terms with corporations, and has so governed himself, lo, these many years."

The Harrodsburg Democrat, Gen. Hardin's home paper, answers Senator Goebel's charge in the above good-tempered but convincing manner.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by J. T. Day.

Conservatism Should Control.

Some of the Democratic leaders and editors of the State seem to have forgotten that it takes a united party to win in Kentucky. As the Stanford-Interior-Journal remarks: "Democracy hasn't got everything in a sling in Kentucky now and conservatism must prevail."—Maysville Bulletin.

Rev. J. H. Wallen went to Jackson Thursday of last week, returning Monday.

WAGES OF SIN
A Book for Young and Old.
OUR RECORD
ESTD 1878
250,000
DISEASED
MEN
CURED
WE CURE
NERVOUS
BLOOD
SKIN &
PRIVATE
DISEASES

250,000 CURED
YOUNG MAN
Have you sinned against nature when ignorant of the terrible crime you were committing. Did you only consider the fascinating allurements of this evil habit? When too late to avoid the terrible results, were your eyes opened to your peril. Did you later on in marriage contract any PRIVATE or BLOOD disease? Were you cured? Do you now and then see some alarming symptoms? Dare you marry in your present condition? You know, "LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON." It married, are you constantly living in dread? Is marriage a failure with you on account of any weakness caused by early abuse or later excesses? Have you been dragged with mercury? This booklet will point out to you the results of these crimes and point out how our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. It shows how thousands have been saved by our NEW TREATMENT. It proves how we can GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY CURABLE CASE OR NO PAY. We treat and cure—EMISIONS, VARIOUSLY, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRETS, DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER diseases.
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